THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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POETRY.

From the Mountaineer.

THE UNLAWFUL TENDER.

The Sheriff conned over a small dirty book,
Which he used as a portable docket;
And then, with a stern and unmerciful look,
He drew a CA. SA. from his pocket.

He told the *wayfarer* to plank down the dust,
And as soon as the sheriff could say it,
The debtor acknowledged the claim to be just,
And declared he was willing to pay it.

A bundle of BANK NOTES he drew from his vest,
And he counted them down on the table:
He was willing to pay, as he frankly confess'd,
And not only willing, but able.

The sum was made up, (it was BAIL MONEY too,)
When the Sheriff made this *ipse dixet*,
"With BANK NOTES I'll NEVER have NOTHING to do
"No how any body can fix it!"

Then loud grew the speeches, and angry the tones,
(The Sheriff insisting on *specie*,)
Which threaten'd to end in the breaking of bones,
For they wrangle and jangle *"like stucie!"*

The *'tender'* was not what the *law* would require,
So the Sheriff pronounced it unlawful,
And he that denied it, he said, was a liar,
With an oath most prodigiously awful.

The plaintiff was sent for:—But he could'nt take
The notes, *since the Banks had suspended;*
He would look to the Sheriff, he said, with a shake
Of the head, as the steps he descended.

The defendent *was out of his county*, and had
Nothing there, but his *body* and *paper;*
The latter uncurrent, the former was mad,
And the Sheriff half-drunk on a caper.

So that was *the time:* 'let the law take its course,'
Said the Sheriff, (who wished to be at him,)
And he swore he'd *take him*, as it would be worse,
To follow him with a *testatum.*

The money was *good;*—'twas the *best* of ITS KIND,
Said the Sheriff, but he "would'nt ha-ve it;"
And worst of it was, the defendent could find,
None able or willing to *shave* it.

The NOTES were refused—& the Sheriff grew warm,
For his dander had palpably risen,
He gave the defendant a jerk by the arm,
And swore he would take him to prison.

To jail then he took him, (the contest was rough,)
The people were stupid with wonder;
To see him locked up, having BANK NOTES ENOUGH,
And they marvell'd at *Banking like thunder*!!!

THE REPERTORY.

For the Columbia Democrat.

RELIGION IN PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

In the vicissitudes of professional life, we can only expect consolation through the influence of the Gospel; and there is no secular profession to which Christian Religion affords more aid than the practice of Medicine. How lamentable, then, to observe those whose educations and stations necessarily display to them the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, and his power over human life, should forget their duty, while visiting the abodes of pain and misery, and witnessing the fear and anguish which attend the dissolution of nature. The only cordial for the dying is the sweet hopes of future bliss; and when the resources of the material medica fail in providing a cure, the panacea of Christianity, administered by the attending physician, relieves the heart of the patient from depression, and may probably in many instances save his soul from perdition.

The life of a physician is one of unceasing toil, self-denial, and solicitude. The Lawyer has his intervals for recreation between courts—the Divine recruits his energies between each Sabbath—the Soldier forgets his summer campaign in his winter quarters; but no such relaxation or rest is known to the Physician. His days and his nights are alike subject to the calls of the sick; and even in the worship of his God he is frequently disturbed—while all other professions and trades enjoy the full benefits which are given in the devotions of the holy Sabbath. His associations, too, can only be imagined—never felt by others.—He is always called to afford relief to the distressed: Always with the sick and dying—hearing their groans and witnessing the progress of the disease.

It is possible for a patient to reward the *mechanical* part of the physician's attendance; but no compensation can possibly be an equivalent to his mental solicitude, while endeavoring to snatch him from the threatening grasp of Death. He has saved the Patient, through Divine assistance, from a sodded grave—probably a family from distress and starvation—and while restoring him again to the enjoyment of life, he may even have prepared him for a future state of existence. To be thus useful to our fellow beings, it is however requisite that we should know and proclaim the Eternal Truth.

P**** S*****.

STONY POINT.

The scenery on the Hudson river bears nature's grandest imprint. The hand that formed an universe of worlds has thrown together along the banks of this noble stream, a wild assemblage of rocks and mountains. The Palisades, as they are called, commence on the western side of the Hudson, just above the Weehaw or Weehawken, and extend about twelve miles up the river. They are bold, abrupt demonstrations of omnipotence, moulded by him, whose power is not bounded by time or circumstances. The cannon of a thousand arms might roar out their ineffectual vengeance against this natural battery, which frowns over the broad bright stream at an elevation of from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet, and the parapet would laugh in scorn at the power of battle.

After the Palisades terminate, a country of hills and vales succeed; the former, rounded up like loaves of sugar, and the latter indented like dimples on the cheek of beauty. Occasionally, however, nature has projected into the stream one of her bold fronts, a miniature foundation of the "hills of fear" which cast their sombre shadows across the pass of the highlands. One of these projections is Stony Point. It stands out in bold relief from the rural scenery just below, and challenges the attention of the passenger who has been relieved from the sublimity of the basaltic rocks of the Palisades to prepare for a wilder developement, of nature's craniology. But the impressions which crowd into the spectator's mind in this region, are not derived from a river, mountain, or valley—tradition and history lend a melancholy glory to this revolutionary ground—On the right or eastern bank stretches away the celebrated "neutral ground" throughout the entire extent of West Chester county, where regulars, cow boys, Virginia horse, and continentals, whigs and tories, appeared and disappeared like the actors of a wild and bloody tragedy. On the left, Stony Point is allied to associations of military achievements and unfading renown—while farther up, Arnold's treason, Andre's capture and untimely although merited fate, twine round the memorable rocks of Stony Point.

Stony Point is about forty miles above New York; and ten or fourteen below West Point. It is a rounded gravelly hill, of small extent, jutting into the stream and connected with the main land by a low morass which is partially over-flowed by tide water. It was fortified in the revolutionary war, and occupied by a small force, and might have been, considered as a remote outpost to the strong fortress of West Point. It was captured by the British in the year 1779, and strongly repaired and garrisoned by more than 600 soldiers, commanded by the brave Lieut. Col. Johnson.

A few days before the 16th of July in the same year, a tall, commanding personage, mounted on a strong charger, was seen on the eminence above Stony Point. He had a glass in his hand, and appeared to study the character of the defencee with an intensity of interest. Johnson, who was returning the gaze of the horseman with his spyglass, turned to one of his staff and remarked that the apparition on the hill portended no good. Rumors were afloat in the entrenchments that the same tall figure had been seen across the river on the highest opposite eminence the day before, like a horseman painted against the sky. A cow boy said that this figure was the apparition of Washington, and that it was never seen except just before a battle or a thunderstorm. But while these idle rumors were floating around the atmosphere of the camp, the real Washington, from observations made with his own eyes, was concerting a soldierlike plan for its surprise.

On the night of the 16th of July, by the twinkling light of the stars that broke over and through the clouds, two columns of soldiers might have been seen under the brow of the eminence in the rear of the fort. They were stern men, the silent, thoughtful men of New England. The eagle-eyed Wayne was at their head, and his heart beat like that of a lion. The regiments of Febiger and Meigs, with the youthful Major Hull's detachment formed the right column; Butler's regiment, with the two companies under Major Murphy, formed the left. The van of the right was formed of one hundred and fifty volunteers at whose head stood the brave Fleury, one hundred volunteers under Stewart composed the van on the left—and still further advanced, the noblest post of all, stood two 'forlorn hopes,' of twenty men each—one commanded by Lieut. Gibbins, and the other by Lieut. Knox. Wayne stepped from man to man through the vanguards—saw them take their flints from their pieces and fix the death bayonet. At twenty minutes past eleven, the two columns moved to the bloody work before them, one going to the left and the other to the right to make their attack on opposite sides.

The inhabitants on the eastern side of the river heard a sharp crashing as the forlorn hope of either side broke into the double row of abatis; the muskets of the sentinels flashed suddenly amidst the darkness, and in a moment the fortress vomited out flame and thunder as if a volcano had ignited, and was tossing its white lava upwards. The cry of battle not to be mistaken, shrill, wild and fearful, broke upon the dull ear of night. But all was in vain for the fortress. Under the showers of grape, and full in the red eye of battle, the two gloomy, still unwavering columns moved on, and the two vanguards met in the centre of the works. The British made an instant surrender to avoid the extermination which awaited the deploy of the columns upon the entrenchments. Sixty-three British soldiers lay dead at their guns; five hundred and forty three were made prisoners; and the spoils were 2 standards, 2 flags, 15 pieces of ordinance, and other material of war. Of the sons of New England, ninety eight were killed or wounded. Of Lieut. Gibbins' forlorn hope, seventeen were no more. Of Lieut. Knox's about the same number were slain.

These spots, where the life-blood of the free has been poured out like water, and where the traces of the revolutionary ditch and mound still remain, are altars sacred to the high recollections of freedom. Green be the turf over these departed patriots. The bold bluff of Stony Point is classic ground. Hither in future time shall the poet and the sentimentals come to pay their tribute of affection and honor where

——"Our fathers knelt
In prayer, and battled for a world."

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

Of all the remedies for "hard times" that have yet met our observation, the best is contained in the following anonymous paragraph, which appears in one of our numerous exchange papers:—

"When you are obliged to obtain credit for your stock, be very careful to whom you apply, as a creditor who is himself "in the screws," may ruin you. Never get credit for small sums—nor for any sum in different places—better owe at one place, and to owe one man. Every man to whom you owe five dollars will trouble you as much, if not more, than the one to whom you owe a hundred. It is easier to satisfy one man than twenty. Give to your best customers only short credit, and when it has expired collect promptly. Be diligent in your business—faithful in your word, moderate in your expenditures—temperate in your habits—just in your dealings—moral in your principle—get married to a good girl—and you may defy lawyers, sheriffs, duns, prisons, and almost the blue devils."

EVIL SPEAKING.

The delusive itch for slander, too common in all ranks of people, whether to gratify a little ungenerous resentment; whether, oftener out of a principle of levelling, from a narrowness and poverty of soul, ever impatient of merit and superiority in others—wether, from a mean ambition, or the insatiate lust of being witty, (a talent in which ill-nature and malice are no ingredients;) or, lastly, whether from a natural cruelty of disposition, abstracted from all views and considerations of self: to which one, or whether to all jointly, we are indebted for the contagious malady, thus much is certain, from whatever seed it springs, the growth and progress of it are as destructive to, as they are unbecoming a civilized people. To pass a hard and ill-natured reflection upon an undersigning action—to invent, or what is equally bad, to propagate a vexatious report, without color and grounds—to plunder an innocent man of his character, and good name, a jewel which, perhaps, he has starved himself to purchase, and probably would hazard his life to secure—to rob him, at the same time of his happiness and peace of mind, perhaps his bread—the bread, may be, of a virtuous family—and all this, as Solomon says of the madman, who casteth fire-brands, arrows and death, and sayeth, Am I not in sport? All this, out of wantonness, and oftener from worse motives—the whole appears such a complication of badness, as requires no words or warmth of fancy to aggravate. Pride, treachery, envy, hypocrisy, malice, cruelty, and self-love, may have been said, in one shape or other, to have occasioned all the frauds and mischiefs that ever happened in the world—but the chances against a coincidence of them all in one person, are so many, that one would have supposed the character of a common slanderer as rare a production in nature, as that of a great genius, which seldom happens more than once in an age.

Drinking Song.

Drink, friends, drink deep—the noon is high;
Drink, and forget your care—
The sultry summer suns are nigh—
Drink, in your strength repair:
The deer, that from the hunter flies,
The warrior, red with slaughter,
The camel, 'neath the burning skies,
Quaff deep the cry of water!

Our father, Sun, the examples gives,
Our mother, Earth, also;
He, jocund, drinks above the clouds,
She blushing drinks below—
Pledge high, pledge long, the friends you love,
To absent wife and daughter,
Of blooming maid who rules your heart,
Drink deep—but *only water!*

Sam Slick's Estimate of Marriage.—They said marrying was fun—pooty fun, to be sure. When I was single man the world wagged along well enough. It was jist like an omnibus. I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothing more to do with it than to sit down, and not care a button for any thing. S'possing the omnibus got upset—well, I walk off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then, I takes a wife, and be hanged to me. It's very well for a while, but afterwards its plaguy like owning an upset omnibus. What did I get by it? How much fun? Why, a jewing old woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courting. Instead of "Yes, my duck," "No, my dear," "As you please, honey," and "When you like, lovely," like what it was in courting times, it's rig'ler row. Sour looks and cold potatoes, children and taple clothes badly off for soap, always darning and mending, and nothing ever darned or mended. If it wos'nt that I am particularly sober, I'd be inclined to drink. My house ain't my own—my money ain't my own—I belong to four people besides myself, the old woman and three children—I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till that bust up—I'll break, and sign over the stock in trade to you.

A man who borrows his neighbor's newspaper, will sooner or later borrow his toothpick! It is hoped that those who lend the 'Columbia Democrat' will mark this result.

THE INSTABILITY OF LIFE.

That life is uncertain, and death unavoidable, is a maxim which, though all admit to be true, all seem willing to forget. It is a maxim which has been so often reiterated, that none can be ignorant of it—and if any were disposed to disregard it, the perpetual occurrence of its fulfilment might be sufficient for its establishment as eternal truth. Granting, then, that it be true, it is not a matter of such consequence as to demand our most serious attention? Can any one bestow on it even the slightest consideration, without feeling its importance, without perceiving that, regarding it merely as relating to a complete removal from this world, and all its concerns, independently of the reward or punishment which is to follow, it is a point of the utmost importance? Can any one reflect, as on a matter of no concern, on the being separated from all those whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved? Can he disregard the tears which will burst from the bosoms of those whom filial or fraternal affection have bound to him? Can he think unmoved, that he will no more augment their joy, or soothe their grief? that whatever danger may threaten them, he can no longer lend his assistance to avert it? and that whatever blessings may conjoin to make them happy, will be embittered by the reflection that he is not a sharer in them? He who can think on this without emotion, is no more or less than a man. Yet these are the consequences of that event, the occurrence of which to every one is certain and the period at which it shall take place is unknown. Can it be denied, then, that this is a matter demanding our most serious attention? But the departure from this world, however affection or friendship may endear it to us, must ever be considered, by the virtuous, as a cause of joy, since it removes them from regions of darkness and of sin, to realms of light and of purity. Surely, then, he who wishes to make even his death contribute to the happiness of those whom he loved while living, will so conduct himself in this life, as to leave no anxious doubtings on their minds, with respect to his welfare in the life eternal. He will act so that at the end he may look back with tranquility, and forward with rapture—without regret for the past, or fear for the future. But the disposition of mind necessary for the attainment of a life, productive of this desirable conclusion, cannot be acquired except by a frequent and serious consideration, and a firm conviction, the highest incentive to virtue would be wanting. It is, then, not only the duty but interest of every one to reflect in a manner suitable to the importance of the subject, on the uncertainty of the present life, and on consequent necessity of being prepared for the change which we know must take place, at some period, how near or how remote we are, by an all-wise Providence, kept ignorant. Nor can the wisdom which dictates this concealment be impeached. Were the time at which our dissolution should occur known to us, its remoteness, if distant, would breed indolent security—or its suddenness, if near, occasion terrors, which would prevent preparation for it.

Necessity of prayer—It is a great and indispensable obligation for all men to pray. The virtuous must invoke the mercies of heaven, and obtain, by prayer, the grace of perseverance. The sinner must implore, by prayer, the pardon of his offended Maker. The young must send up their prayer, that they may escape the seductions of the world, and remain unsullied in the midst of crime, and firm in the midst of temptations. The old must sigh to heaven for pardon for the sins committed in the season of youth, that their death may be peaceful and happy.

Wealth always at hand. Why do you desire riches and grandieur? Because you think they will bring happiness with them. The very thing you want is now in your power—you have only to study contentment.